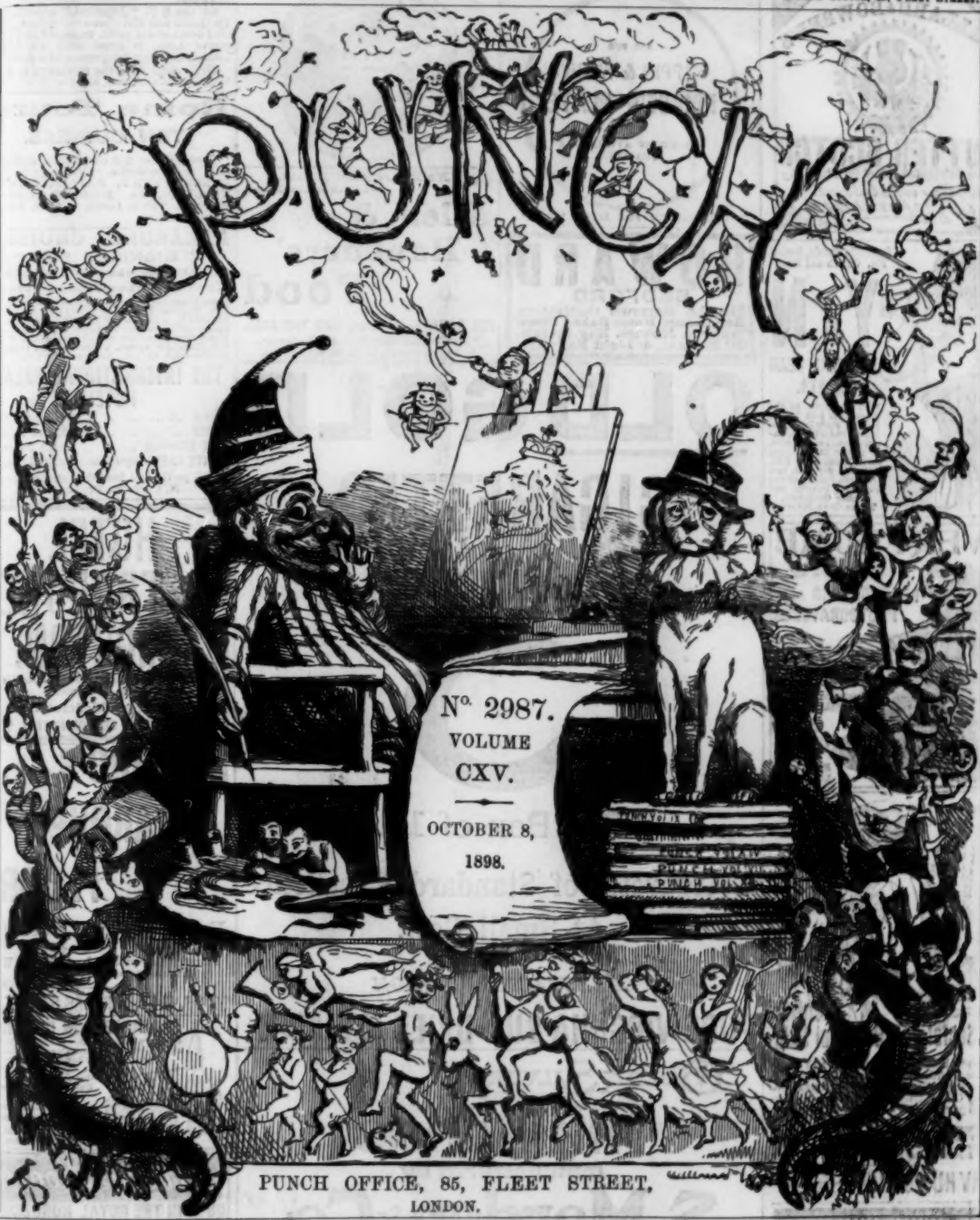


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TENDER CARE (?)

Mrs. Slumley Smirk. "So, for the future, MRS. JINKS, I SHALL BE YOUR DISTRICT VISITOR IN THIS YARD. NOW, I TRUST THAT—ER—IF ANY OF YOU HAVE ANY ILLNESS ABOUT, YOU WILL AT ONCE LET ME KNOW, AS, IN THAT CASE, I—ER—SHOULD NOT WISH TO COME NEAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE first and abiding impression my Baronite gains from reading *John Splendid* (BLACKWOOD), is, that Scotland enjoys exceedingly bad weather. Never did poor gentlemen go to wars, little or large, in worse weather than Mr. NEIL MUNRO's fancy devises for *John Splendid* and his comrades. It blew, it rained, it hailed, it thundered, and whiles it snowed. Incidentally there are "town gibbets on which two corpses swung in the wind, like net bows on a drying pole, going from side to side making the woeful sough and clink of chains." This is not promising of cheerfulness. But so long as these Scottish gentry could get at each other's throats, with occasional bouts with the Irishry, they seem to have been cheerfully indifferent to the weather. Through the bristling, bustling picture of war and rapine runs the silken thread of the old, old story, love. *Elrigmore*, the young soldier of fortune, home from foreign fields to find his fill of fighting at home, is speedily enchained by the provost's daughter. Those about to marry will find a study of the history of the two interesting, inasmuch as it includes an episode of the first kiss between lovers, cunningly devised and daintily told. The book abounds in graphic touches descriptive of storm, whether of the elements or of man's devising.

A veritable *édition de luxe* is *Fashion in Paris*, showing "the various phases of feminine taste"—likewise masculine, to certain extent—"and aesthetics, by OCTAVE UZANNE, translated from the French by Lady MARY LOYD, with one hundred hand-coloured plates, and two hundred and fifty text illustrations, by François Courboin," and published in London by WILLIAM HEINEMANN, of whom it may be said, in the language of CHARLES DICKENS, when expressing his opinion of the capabilities of the Todgers' establishment, "Oh! Todgers' could do it when it chose! Mind that,"—and so can W. HEINEMANN. As a book of reference for the illustrator, for the author and dramatist, for stage-manager and theatrical costumier, this work is a most valuable authority on feminine costumes in France during a century of restlessness, when every change in

political opinions seems to have also necessitated a rapid act of change in dress. A few "Dandies" are shown, and most uncomfortable they look whether in or out of uniform. There was no attempt at "ease"; but the struggle was to be "elegant," and very unsuccessful the struggle appears to have been. The "little patriots" boys about twelve or fourteen years of age, seem to have had the best of it as far as comfort goes. But the poor Dandies, in blue or brown high-shouldered, high-collared coats, frock or swallow-tailed, with baggy trousers, striped white and red, and tucked into high-low boots, reminding the Baron of some old pictures of *Liston* as *Paul Pry*, with any amount of linen cravat twisted round their throats, must have had a very bad time of it, if they were only a quarter as uncomfortable as their dress makes them appear. The colouring of these pictures is excellent. In 1836 the men were just a trifle more sensible, except in the matter of straps, pantaloons, and the tightest possible boots. The fashion for a lady *endimanchée* at the Tuileries in 1831 has, in a modified form, reappeared at the present day, so also has that of 1819 in the Gardens of the Tuileries, with the exception of the bonnet as worn at that period. The fashion of 1852 at the Opera is not so very far off that of 1898; and in 1868 the "gent a-blowin' of his back" in a bright blue frock coat, white waistcoat, black cravat, brownish-red check trousers, blue stockings, pumps, and a tall hat, while enjoying himself at the "Café de la Rotonde," is a thing of beauty not to be matched by any Londoner or Parisian of the present sober-coloured century. Only in the miserable period of the Commune do the ladies' dresses look as sad and as sombre as their faces. The book finishes with *Les Bicyclistes*; but of these the artist has not given us outrageous specimens. That the fashions of to-day show a great improvement on those of a hundred years ago, and a still greater on those of forty or fifty years since, is the decided opinion of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

WHY must an auctioneer necessarily be sour-faced? Because he always looks for-bid-ling.



THE ARTFUL DOWAGER.

Empress-Dowager of China (to the Son of Heaven). "REFORM, INDEED! I'LL REFORM YOU! GO AND STAND IN THE CORNER TILL I TELL YOU TO COME OUT!"

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

COMPETITION 934.

"How should we bear our Trials?"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Courage and a studied cheerfulness of demeanour provide the best cure for the troubles of daily life. A true lady will never give way to bad temper, but will be courteous to her inferiors, obedient and respectful to her superiors, and amiable to her equals. Our trials will be greatly mitigated if we cherish such qualities as tidiness, cleanliness, and punctuality, concerning which last-named virtue it has been aptly said that "procrastination is the thief of time." A remembrance of these golden truths will add to the pleasure and the usefulness of our lives.

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHEA MARY HIGGINS (aged 9).

P.S.—Miss WIGGINS my guverness tells me to ad that I rote orl this quite bi myself which is a li becos she made me copi it from a peace of paper Miss WIGGINS is my trile and I cant bear her she is orfle.—D. M. H.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Mother says that I am to tell you how I should bear my trials, but please I would rather tell you about my canary. It is a yellow canary and it lives in a cage and it sings. It can't sing real songs with words but only tunes. It is such a nice canary and mother says that if I am good I may bring it to see you some day, and I will let you give it a lump of sugar, and then you will know what a nice canary it is. My brother BOBBIE has a kitten, and the kitten loves my canary; it will sit for hours watching it in the most affectionate way. The kitten is black and white, and has a curly tail, and I have written all this myself except the spelling and the stons, so please send me the prize.

Your affectionate friend,

CLARA DICKINSON (aged 10).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You ask how we should bear our trials. I, alas, have many troubles to bear, and the worst of all is my father. I try to be a help to him, and give him good advice but I am afraid he has a hard heart. Only yesterday I told him how mad it was to see him smoking so much. I am certain, as I said, that it is injurious to his health; and how much better it would be if he would put the money he wastes on tobacco into my collecting-box! But, although I talked to him in the kindest way, and all for his own good, I am sorry to say that he was very rude indeed, and called me a little prig—an expression which no gentleman should use to a lady. Last Sunday we had gingerbread for tea. My younger sister EDITH has, I regret to say, a greedy nature. She is particularly fond of gingerbread, and has frequently made herself ill by eating too much of it. Simply to remove this danger from her, I ate all the gingerbread myself. Instead of thanking me for my noble unselfishness, my father actually called me a little pig! When he reads this account of his behaviour in print, I hope he will feel ashamed of himself. Patience, Mr. Editor, unlimited patience alone enables me to bear such trials as these. Yours truly,

LUCY PRIGLET (aged 15).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I had a large-sized trial to-day—the lesson to write out in Latin and English—so this afternoon I've been trying to find out how best to bear it.



Pat (who has been acting as Guide, and has been pointing out the Devil's This and the Devil's That for the last two hours). "AN' THAT'S THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, YER ANNER."

Tourist. "THE DEVIL SEEMS TO OWN A GOOD DEAL OF PROPERTY ABOUT HERE, PAT!"

Pat. "YE'RE ROIGHT, YER ANNER. BUT, LOIKE MOST AV THE OTHER LANDLOKIN, HE SPINDS MOST AV HIS TOIME IN LONDON!"

Butterscotch is consoling, and nougat helps, but I think Turkish delight or chocolate creams strengthens one most. I haven't made up my mind yet between these two. Send me half-a-crown's worth of each, and I'll try again.

Yours ever,

JONES Minor.

Bowdlerised Abuse.

Miss Larkspur. I think that Mr. FLIBNET is the biggest kangaroo in the world!

Miss Honey-pot. Biggest kangaroo! My dear LAURA, what do you mean?

Miss Larkspur. I should have said "bounder," only I know you hate slang.

Some People are Never Satisfied.

Squire Popjoy (to Farmer Scroggs). Well, Mr. Scroggs, you can't complain of the harvest weather this year.

Farmer Scroggs. No, Squire, the harvest were all right, but, dang it all! the sun has dried oop my pond, and the dooks be all a-perishin' for want o' water.

FROM OUR SUPERSTITIOUS CORRESPONDENT.—The appointment of M. CAMBON to the Court of St. James's is a distinct augury to the effect that Cambridge will win the Boat-Race next year.



Q. E. D.

À PROPOS OF THE TRIALS OF MAN-HUNTING BY BLOODHOUNDS TAKING PLACE IN YORKSHIRE, AND THEIR USE IN TRACING CRIME, SUPPOSING BLOODHOUNDS CAN RUN DOWN CRIMINALS, WHERE WILL THE POLICEMEN BE?

VIVE LA VÉRITÉ!

"I'm a bit of a story-teller myself."—Ancient Lyre.

Hotel Ben Tivato, Rue Rupert, Londres.

CHER M. ROBINSON DE CRUSEMONT,—As another of the Great Misunderstood, I greet you with impressment. I have read your excellent *bordereau* in the *Fine and Large World Magazine*; and also many letters throwing painful doubt on your veracity, and demanding a *révision*. How it is true that fact has often a *souçon* of I-know-not-what more strange than fiction. Is it not the motto, this, of Sir NEUNES, himself, limited?

Oh yes! I have perused your adventures written in a style the most flowing, and I have—how do you call it?—chortled at the versatility of him who, elevated to speak the language of my adopted France, has, in those thirty years of savage life, but perfected and polished his acquaintance with the tongue English. Yes, I have read of your shipwrecks, of your prolonged residence in the comparative seclusion of an insulated sand-bank, of your one-oared contention with sharks, of your pearls and rum; and, in fine, of the so delightful *soirées* which you name the *corrobores*. Ah! *mon ami*, to confirm your tale—forgive the little *jeu d'esprit*—what would you not now give for one of these same *corrobores*? Is it not that such a bird in the hand is worth two, or more, in the Bush?

And then I recall me how the spirit-voice came to you under the wamwam tree when you were very dry; and it said "*Coupe l'arbre*"; and how, like holy Moïse, your unveiled lady made the good bucketful to issue from its trunk. O yes! there was Truth at the bottom of that well. It leapt to the eyes. And to me also, who speak to you, came just such a voice saying "Cut it!" And I cut. Hence am I here, not less than you, in the great city of refuge where they publish only the *véritable*, and the wild-duck never says himself.

Exhausted with the recollection of those scientific researches recorded only on the carnal tablets of your interior, the claims of the Britannic Association have, it may be, left you no leisure for the study of the "Affair Threefoot," in which, without boastful-

ness, it is permitted to say that I have played a not unworthy part. You, my friend, who know the misery to have your most sacred allegations called in question, you at least will believe me when I say, on my honour as a soldier, a gentleman and a foreign Count, that I am a forger. It is a distinguished officer, the Colonel du Pâté d'Huitres, who would give me his moral support in saying that the end justifies the means.

You have lived in domiciles inaccessible removed from the refinements of civilisation and diplomacy, and will admit that even the aborigine, black as he is, has embraced this elementary law. He desires, let us say, to lunch. Good. The end is natural and even pressing. He possesses a mother-in-law, let us say, who has the air of being succulent. He offers her a razor, secured—who knows?—from the toilette-table of a deceased missionary (for there is honour even among untutored thieves); but she remains blind to his humane suggestion. Impelled therefore to an unavoidable violence which jars against his better feelings, himself he renders her inanimate. Briefly she becomes chops. Now, judged by the moralist, his conduct is open to censure. Yet, to the statesman, to the diplomat, the imperious demand of his purpose, namely to lunch if possible on grilled woman, justifies the apparent crudity of the means adopted to attain that end. And how much more so, if she were an Israelite! *Conspuez les Hébreux!*

O yes! the end justifies the means; and, in turn, it is often the means that justify the end. Nay the two are sometimes indistinguishable, as with us, by example, you and me, *mon ami*, who have found each a confiding publisher to give us the means, that is to say, the vulgar wherewith; which, always apart from the love of Truth for Truth's sake, may be considered to be our end. But you, you have otherwise achieved *une belle réclame* not surpassed by the great travellers and scientists who have, some of them for the first time, made themselves remarked by contradicting you, over their signatures, in the Press. I have seen your stuffed figure in the Gallery of Heroes, Rue Marie-la-bonne, though I like better the *chevelure* of M. McBERN at the Lycée, which is of a redness and originality more than imaginable.

And you are also in train to give the popular demonstration, not *entrée libre* as with the heathen *corroborée*, but where even the unbeliever shall pay heavily for his seat. Me, I have not the intention to shew myself upon the public rostrum; for, should the heat-billow return, then, as one says, it might be too warm for me. But, either in spirit, or *incognito*, I shall assist at your narration at the Hall of St. James (or is it of St George?). Meanwhile, *agréz, &c.*,
BUSTERHAZY.

P.S.—*J've la vérité absolument nue!*

AN INTERESTING PAPYRUS.

(Being a supposed lost Chapter of the Greek historian, Herodotus, to be discovered in an Egyptian tomb A.D. 10,000, with annotations and emendations by various learned Scholars of that date. It is characteristic of the period that the notes are considerably longer than the text.)

"Moreover the Priests told me that after the Tourkoi⁽¹⁾ the Britannoï⁽²⁾ held rule in Egypt. These men made the iron road⁽³⁾ which crosses the Nubian desert going southward. They said that in the four thousand and ninth Olympiad⁽⁴⁾ there arose a great General whom they called *ἡγεμὼν*. This man, having been chief cook⁽⁵⁾ to the Queen of that day, who was called *Nixē*⁽⁶⁾, led an expedition against the tribes of the desert, and defeated them with great slaughter, capturing their capital, which was called Omdurmania⁽⁷⁾. For this victory this General was promoted to great honour, and was given the title of *Κόμης* or Lord. These things then were told me concerning the Britannoï."

(1) A tribe ruling in South-Eastern Europe, of whom little beyond the name is known. Tradition says that at one time they gave employment to what was called "The Concert of Europe," but the investigation of scholars has not revealed hitherto what this "concert" was.

(2) Nothing else is known of these Britannoï, and indeed the reading may be corrupt. Professor BOWNE would read Berlinol, and so connect them with a Germanic race in Western Europe, of which some traces are found in early records. Others suggest Belgicki (for these are said to have ruled for a while near the river Congo), or Betersbourgoi (from the city of that name which once stood in Northern Europe).

(3) What this "iron road" was is much disputed. Some have held that it is merely the well-known "metalled" road of antiquity invented by MCADAM. Others are of opinion that it was really of iron, and was intended to reduce friction in mechanical traction.

(4) The date is almost certainly inexact. HERODOTUS can seldom be trusted for his figures, and moreover the copyists were notoriously careless in this respect.

(5) It is suggested by the learned BOWNE that *ἡγεμὼν* is really a title, and that "the chief cook" conceals the General's true name. It is certainly remarkable that any mere culinary artist should have been given the command of an army. BOWNE suggests that the name may have been COOK, KITCHEN, or the like. This is ingenious, but by no means certain. The name "COOK" occurs frequently in the Egyptian records of this period.

(6) *Nixē*, the Greek form of the Latin VICTORIA. This Queen is mentioned more than once in Egyptian inscriptions.

(7) The modern Kartūm, now a vast city, then a mere village.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

COFFEE AND CIGARS.

Auguste. Ah, see there the coffee! I admire so many of things in England, but I admire not the coffee.

Robinson. Nor I, by Jove!

Ludwig. The beer is too strong and the coffee is too feeble. But at the littlest are you free in England. The civil is not with the sword of the lieutenant throughsticked. And here, while I not in the Fatherland am, dare I free to speak. *Glückliches England!* You have no majestyinsultingpunishment.

Aug. Oh la, la! *Enfin c'est fini, ce mot-là!* And in England, above all, you have not of Affair. Ah, mon Dieu! But speak we not of the Affair.

Rob. But we shall all have the small-pox soon. That's worse than *Majestätsbeleidigung*—

Lud. Ja wohl, gewiss!

Rob. Or even *l'Affaire DREYFUS*.

Aug. Pour sûr!

Rob. In your two countries there are no "graceful concessions," and you never heard of a "conscientious objector."

Lud. Ah no! What for a thing is that?

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Rob. A conceited ass who prefers his own narrow-minded ignorance to the scientific opinions of a century. There's freedom for you!

Aug. Ah, la libre Angleterre!

Lud. So wish you all the small-pox to have? The sword of the lieutenant is perhaps better. At the littlest is it not so painful. You die immediately.



WHAT INDEED?

Mistress (waylaying Maid-of-all-work, who will be so dressy). "MARTHA, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! NOW, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY IF I WENT OUT ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A PINK BLOUSE AND WHITE FEATHERS!"

Aug. The Affair herself should make you not as much of bad. The razor of HENRY is more expeditive.

Lud. Freedom and small-pox. Thank very! The Fatherland is better. We have military law, but vaccination therewith.

Aug. *Liberté, Egalité, et faire périr son frère de la petite vérole.* Merci bien! I prefer the France.

Lud. Remain you still longer in England, dear Mister Colleague, when it so dangerously is?

Aug. Not yet so dangerous. But perhaps more late all the world shall avoid the England. We shall go to see. But, my dear ROBINSON, why have you changed the law, you other English?

Rob. Don't ask me. Ask the strongest Government of modern times.

Lud. The strongest? *Wirklich!* Ah, you joke!

Aug. It is a pleasantery of this good ROBINSON. But say we "Yes." That should be a "gracious concession," in the mode of his country. They are so amiable, of a so good natural, these brave English.

Lud. So very lovelworthy.

Rob. Shut up!

Lud. Ach so! That is true. It become late. We must forthgo.

Aug. Already? Desolated! "When shall we meet all the three again?" as say the sorcerers of the *King Lear*.

Lud. Forgive you me. It are the three witches of *Hamlet*.

Aug. Perhaps. You go at foot? He makes beautiful? Ah yes, a magnificent time.

Rob. Good night. We've had a capital evening, un *dîner des plus agréables*.

Lud. Good evening. We have very good eated. Thank bests, dear Mr. Colleague. *Auf wiedersehen*.

Aug. Au revoir.

NOMENCLATURE.—"MESSRS. STEEL AND PEACH," of Rotherham, is a remarkable combination of names. It could only be equalled by some firm entitled "Messrs. KISS AND TELL." This may exist—in Switzerland.



Old Gentleman (who has received a present of Butter from one of his Tenants). "AND HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER MAKE ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS ON THE PATS, MY DEAR?"
 Messenger. "WIV OUR COMB, SIR!"

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

(By one of them.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have doubtless read an article on the above subject in a contemporary organ of our enemy, Woman. Sir, that article gives so inadequate a picture of the miseries of our lot that I am moved to speak out of the bitterness of my own experience. Alas! I am a Distinguished Woman's Husband. Ask me not how it happened, how she lured me with specious promises from home, and dragged me, paralysed, hypnotised—what not?—to the altar. Between courtship and wedlock, what a gulf! When she was wooing me, I was to have all my little comforts—club, golf, cycling, theatre—she would deny me nothing. But when mar-

ried—! First, she cut off the club: who was to look after the house when she was busy, dining out, lecturing, preaching Woman's Cause? Then, babies began to come, and for me a whole new world of duties. I did not even know how to rock a cradle, and as for feeding the things—*horresco referens*. Golf went the way of the club. My cycle—she changed it for a perambulator; and as for theatres, when a man is up all night with a bilious baby, he has little inclination for the play. Hitherto, when very wretched, I had sometimes sought consolation in a cigarette; but my wife now took it into her head that tobacco upset the baby, and henceforth no one was allowed to smoke in the house but herself.

When our first was being expected, it

fell to my lot to prepare certain small garments, and my wife (who at this time could not find a tailor to her liking) seeing that I had a neat hand at "cutting out," suggested (i.e., ordered) that I should make her a pair of bloomers. These unfortunately proved successful, and since then I have had to make all her clothes as well as my own and the children's. When in an amiable mood, she will sometimes come into the nursery, pipe in hand, and watching me as I sew a gusset, remark approvingly, "I like to see you busy, love. It is so much better for a man than smoking."

I have said enough, Sir,

Yours miserably,
 AN UNDISTINGUISHED MAN.

TO CHARWOMEN.

A MOVEMENT having been started, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, to provide Technical Training for charwomen, it has been suggested that the new London University (when it comes into existence) should hold an examination in this subject and confer a degree of *Char. Bac.* The papers would run on the following lines:—

(1.) Show how to test for alcohol in a barrel of beer.

(2.) What is a "perk"? Mention any article that is not a perk.

(3.) An eminent authority has laid down the axiom, "Three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar is a certain cure for the spasms." Express the value of "three drops" in imperial pints and quarts.

(4.) (a) A is a charwoman, B a black bottle, and x an unknown quantity. At 10 a.m. the formula $A + (B + x)$ represents a vertical line. At 1 p.m. the formula $A + (B - x)$ represents a horizontal line. Deduce the value of x , and show that, in certain cases, $x = xx$.

(b) Assume that $x = xv = x^2$. Now, 1 is the only value of x that satisfies this equation: therefore, $x = 1$. Again, 1 is the specific gravity of water: therefore, $x = \text{water}$. Examine the validity of this argument.

(5.) What do you know of the properties of the liquid known as "cold tea"? What is the difference, if any, between its effects and alcoholic poisoning?

(6.) A lady, whom you are obliging at great personal inconvenience, asks you to wash up the dishes before you go home. How do you proceed under the circumstances?

(7.) Explain the process by which you convert beef-steak into gutta percha. Mention any reason for adopting this course.

(8.) A charwoman, with a capacity of x gallons, starts scrubbing a floor of n square feet. When she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2}$ sq. ft. she drinks a pint of beer; when she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2} + \frac{n}{4}$ sq. ft. she drinks 2 pints of beer; when she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2} + \frac{n}{4} + \frac{n}{8}$ sq. ft. she drinks 4 pints of beer, and so on in Geometrical Progression. Deduce from this (a) the capacity of the charwoman, (b) the number of days she will take to complete the job, and (c) her condition at the end of it.



MARCHEZ! MARCHAND!

GENERAL JOHN BULL (to MAJOR MARCHAND). "COME, PROFESSOR, YOU'VE HAD A NICE LITTLE SCIENTIFIC TRIP! I'VE SMASHED THE DERVISHES—LUCKILY FOR *YOU*—AND NOW I RECOMMEND YOU TO PACK UP YOUR FLAGS, AND GO HOME!!"



ON THE FREE LIST.

SCENE—Entrance to private Park, where (by permission) the Northshire Volunteers are encamped.

Gatekeeper. "Hi! STOP! YOU HAVE TO PAY SIXPENCE EACH TO COME IN HERE!"

Driver of Cart. "NONSENSE, MAN. I DON'T PAY."

Gatekeeper. "WHY! DO YOU BELONG TO THE ESTATE?"

Driver of Cart. "NO. BUT THE ESTATE BELONGS TO ME!"

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

Colney Hatch, September 30.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In accordance with your instructions, I have set myself to elucidate the mysterious doings of those in authority at Peking, and to indite a clear summary of the situation. After seventeen hours of mental wrestling with the facts, my friends removed me to the above address for change of air. That change has worked wonders in me, and now I see everything quite clearly. The situation, putting it briefly, is this:—

For a long time past, WUN-LUNG, a Reformer and Progressive member of the S. Peking and Tor-Kin County Council, has been plotting to upset the Manchu dynasty. This he seems to have accomplished and set up a Womanchu dynasty instead. KANG-WANG has made himself so unpopular that KIK-KIM has finally ousted him from office. Should FO-MENT raise a rebellion, SHI-WUN would fail in his plot to set FAT-UN THE SECOND on the throne, and thereby defeat the Empress Dowager. In that event, it is quite clear that Russian influence, or Russian influenza—forget for the moment which way you spell it: head aches, rather—as represented by General BOUNCIMOFF, would triumph, and the Cantonese would—oh! I don't know—do something else, I suppose, and—But why these straws in my luxuriant locks? Why these attendants closing me in on every side? Will return and finish this article presently, but must really go

out and smash some windows first. I'm all right, but head feels like a balloon. Ha, ha! Ta-ta!

A Delicate Distinction.

Cross-examining Counsel (to Fair Witness). And is your name really AURELIA JESSAMINE JONES?

Fair Witness (after a pause). No, Sir; but it ought to have been, only that my god-parents were so ill-chosen.



HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.

"Fair inquiry for maize."

ANGELINA TO EDWIN.

[“In Mrs. SARAH GRAND’s opinion, young men’s wives should be chosen for them by the young women who think that they would like to marry them.”—*Daily Graphic*.]

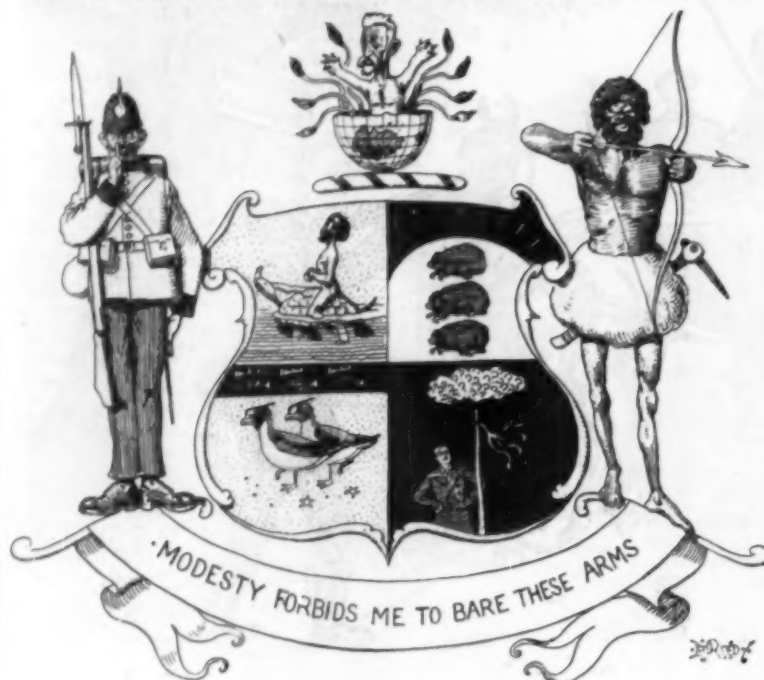
O MY EDWIN! wilt thou love me?
By the faithful fires that shine
In the firmament above me,
I will be forever thine!
I will joyfully thy bread win,
I will toil and slave for thee—
Only whisper, gentle EDWIN,
That thou lovest, lovest me.

Sweet, no longer in the City
Thou shalt droop thy little head;
Thou shalt tend thy flowers, my Pretty,
In thy garden here instead;
Thou shalt warble like a starling
’Mid the roses on the wall—
Thou thyself, my coy, wee darling,
Fairest bloom among them all.

I will keep thee in cigars, love—
Nay, my EDWIN, wherefore groan?
By these ever constant stars, love,
Thou shalt always choose thine own.
Then, my darling, do not tremble,
Do not shrink from my caress!
Ah! thou lov’st me! Don’t dissemble!
O my EDWIN! answer “Yes”!

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (apparently in difficulties).—The most horrible form of modern torture: a respectable householder nailed with Income Taxes.

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



LOUIS, 1ST BARON ISLAND DE ROUGE-MONT.

Arms: Quarterly: 1st, a thorough-bred riding-turtle naant and ridden on the curb, thereon a swine gentleman rouge-monté proper in nudity disengaged with the big toe; 2nd, a flight of wombats volant, soaring in desuetude on the wing across a setting sun; 3rd, under a chief nunes, adept and ubiquitous in réclame, several gulls of science landed and exploited proper ad nauseam; 4th, looking up a genealogical tree shady or insufficiently endorsed, an enquiring editor spectacled or (massingham) chronically regardant in scepticism a series of travellers' tails artistically garnished and flaunted in the press. *Crest:* Emergent from a southern hemisphere, a lion of adventure jaded and fretty, charged in the mane with a hatchet of romance slung proper. *Supporters:* Dexter, a private of the Royal Marines, traditionally facile in credulity, gently closing the alternate eye proper; sinister, an australasian blackamoor rampant in cannibalism bearing a long bow drawn and flexed to the full.

GEMS AT DRURY LANE.

MANY Happy "Returns" to Messrs. RALEIGH and HAMILTON, authors of *The Great Ruby*, and to Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, managing director of Drury Lane, where this "new and original drama of modern life" is now running its successful course. The authors are excellent cooks, who know the public taste. Mr. COLLINS worthily upholds the great Druriolanian tradition of the Augustan-Harrisian Age, and admirably is he aided by Mr. GLOVER, who, when flourishing his *bâton*, as he sits in the orchestral conductor's seat, is the evident "living picture" of "The Arms and the Man,"—legs being invisible,—and by the three clever scenic artists, Messrs. PERKINS, CANEY, and BRUCE SMITH. Last, but not by any means least among the "talented assistants," comes the stage manager, Mr. FRANK DAMER, for whom there will be precious little rest, day or night, during the run of this piece and the preparations for the pantomime.

The scenic effects successfully rival anything hitherto attempted on the old Drury stage, "A Village Street" and "Lord's Cricket Ground" being respectively triumphs of stage illusion. How we trembled for the passengers crowded on to the coach

and four, "tooled" on to the stage from "Right Fourth" entrance down almost to the "flote," on prompt side! How we didn't envy any one of them! And really, when one comes to think of it, this is the most sensational moment in the entire drama! Will that coach-load come safely across? Who is driving? However, neither the indefatigable Mrs. JOHN WOOD, the real heroine of the piece, nor Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN, as the thorough-paced villain, is among the passengers on the Drury Lane-stage coach: they are too old stagers for that. Truth to tell, Mrs. JOHN WOOD is the piece; and next to her comes Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN, with such a curiously fascinating "Johnnie-Tooley" look about him, that the strongest melodramatic situations in which he appears are robbed of more than half their significance by the ever-recurring thought, "Now, what would TOOLEY have done in this situation?"

Mr. J. B. GORDON, as *Sir John Garnett*, and Mrs. WOOD as his gad-about, flighty, good-hearted, asleep-walking wife, have a capital little domestic drama all to themselves, and quite apart from the piece, in the second scene of the third act, which would be perfect in every detail if Mrs. WOOD would be content to simply play

"Home, Sweet Home" on the piano, and not attempt to sing it. The old familiar melody, brought to an abrupt conclusion by the player's emotion, would touch the audience electrically; but the singing is very dangerous.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD walks in her sleep, like *Lady Macbeth*; she plays the part of an elderly *Lady Teazle* to a very commonplace *Sir Peter*; she has moments of pathos and of broad farce; she is so intimately and essentially mixed up with the melo-dramatically tragic interests of the piece, that it is a wonder how the authors, having dared so much, did not go just one step further, or higher, and send her up in the balloon with Johnnie-Tooley-like PATEMAN hanging on by his eye-lids to the car, from inside of which Mrs. WOOD could safely have exclaimed, "Only room for one inside! Where would you like me to drop you?" And then, as she loosened his hold on the car and chucked him over, she could have exclaimed in her grandest manner, "Down, down to Hamstead Heath, and say I sent you thither!" Tableau! Up goes Mrs. WOOD in the balloon. Up goes the curtain several times, and Drury Lane vibrates for minutes with enthusiasm.

The balloon business is not precisely a novelty, either on the stage or in fiction, but never can the situation have been more effectively represented than in this Raleighistic-Hamilton drama.

The seventy persons engaged in this play, of which number twenty-six have sneaking parts, do their lively level best. Mrs. RALEIGH is capably suited with a character speaking broken English; and Miss BELLA PATEMAN makes the most of an elegant, hard-on "Society mother."

As a kind of "Ranji-Sinji" cricketing Indian Prince, with a lot of "local colour" on his face, and much uninteresting stuff to utter, but with plenty to do, Mr. LOWRYNE is very good; and Mr. LOWNE contributes his best to the comedy portion of the entertainment. The political opinions and social allusions in the dialogue appear to go for nothing, and, indeed, are quite out of place in a drama where all serious "talker-talker," "with a purpose," on extraneous matters, is rightly resented by the audience. By the way, the arrangement of the programme is irritating: the "characters in the drama" are in small type on the right hand side, where the names of the impersonators ought to be, and the names of the actors and actresses in large type on the left. Perhaps Druriolanus Imperator began it, and the present management may be nervous about departing even so much as by one hair's-breadth from the Druriolanian tradition.

Anyway, as a "good wine needs no bush," so "a good melodrama needs no push." Old Port-wine drinkers used to say, "Pass the ruby." Good: *The Great Ruby* is passed, stamped, and unanimously approved! But where would the ruby have been had not Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS secured that pearl of great price, that gem of a comedienne, and set their *Garnett* in Wood?

If to the benefit conferred (at last) upon the public by the electric lighting of Hyde Park there should be added a constable or two, then "Londoners over the border" (Bayswater or South Kensington border) might, in comparative safety, use the Park as a short cut. It is well to remember that there is "safety in numbers."

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

Friday.—Appalling prospect! A wet day! What am I to do with the boys? They solve difficulty for themselves by bringing cricket ball and bat into sitting-room directly after breakfast. Max goes to the wickets (consisting of my two umbrellas and walking-stick), whilst Tommy bowls (last words reminiscent, somehow, of well-known Tory M.P.). MAX insists on my standing "point." Off very first ball receive severe blow on waistcoat. Whilst gasping for breath, TOMMY says in disappointed tone, "Oh! I say, Uncle CHARLEY, fancy missing a catch like that!" Wish I had missed it.

Retire to bedroom to read morning paper in peace. Hardly through money article, when crash of glass in sitting-room warns me to prepare for the worst. Rush in and find window suffering from brilliant hit to "square leg." Think difficulty will be to "square" landlord, myself. Forbid further cricket, and mournfully examine large pane of broken glass.

Waiter enters. "Beg par'n, Sir, the old gent on floor below, Sir, very touchy, Sir. His compliments, and would you be kind enough to leave off chuckin' the furniture about and smashin' the winders?" Feel very depressed, and tell waiter to put broken window into the bill. "Yesair."

As waiter goes out, large-sized constable puts helmeted head into room. "Scuse me, Sir, are you the gent as is in charge of the loonatticks 'ere, Sir? 'Cos one of 'em's bin a shyin' of cricket balls through the winder an' it a passin' fishmonger on the 'ead. 'E's down in the 'otel 'all, Sir, and wants me to take your name and address, or" (dropping voice to mysterious whisper) "p'raps, Sir, you'd like to make it all right with 'im, 'stead of being summonsed." Give constable half-crown, and brace up nerves to encounter irate fishmonger below. Find him uttering awful threats to manager, with at least a dozen of the people staying at hotel looking on amused. Am not feeling amused myself; rather faint. Feel like criminal as I descend stairs. Illusion the more realistic from constable following close behind. Overhear subdued murmur of "He's got him!" Manager advances to explain. Wave him away feebly. Fish merchant bellicose and loud. Why loud? Threatens to "have the law" of me. Why me? Express sorrow at unfortunate occurrence. "Unfortnit occurrants be busted!" So rude! "I shall 'ave to go to the 'orspital to 'ave my bloomin' 'ead bandaged, and sha'n't be able to do my bloomin' 'round, and all the bloomin' fish 'll be spiled!" Brilliant idea; will buy up all his fish. I begin, "My good man, it strikes me—" when bloated wretch—bloated wretch, I should say—interrupts, "Garn! it strikes me, you mean. 'Oo's a-goin' to pay for—" Deprecate further show of wrath with wave of hand. "I will buy your stock. How much?" Seems mollified. "Hoh! well, guvner, if you're on the straight racket—" Intimate that I am on straight racket, whatever that may mean. "Well, say a couple o' quid—and a drink." Produce two sovereigns, which I give to waiter to hand to purveyor of fish. Dislike close contact with fishy people. Purveyor so pleased, insists on shaking hands—ugh!—twice over, and says it makes him feel "quite friendly like" to



Village Dame. "THEY TELL ME AS THEY DO DANCE ON THEIR TOES, NOWADAYS. WHEN I WAS YOUNG, WE DID DANCE ON OUR WHOLE FOOT."

deal with real gent. Shall smell of haddock all day after this terrible experience. Drop another shilling in his hand for the stipulated drink, and make hurriedly for stairs. "No, no, guvner! You must jine me in this 'ere drink, or it ain't a proper bargain." Protest I never drink before luncheon. No use, and am carried off to bar, where fish person orders "a rum shrub 'ot," and I toy with bottle lemonade. "Yer 'ealth, guvner!" and at that fearful moment, Divinity, dressed so daintily, white skirt, picture-hat, and carrying smart red parasol, passes through hall on way out. Shall never forget the raising of those daintily pencilled eyebrows as she sees me being pledged by beery fish disseminator. Agony too great to be borne.

Rush upstairs and into sitting-room, slamming door behind me. The last few days have brought me nothing but sorrow and humiliation, and all through these dreadful children. Address them in severe tones. "Boys, you have disgraced me for ever! We must leave here at once, if not before then. You have thrown plums at porters"—("Only one," murmurs Max, stolidly); "you have humiliated me in the sight of the manager, the waiters, and the guests of this hotel; you have damaged an old lady with your unutterably nasty dog; you have thrown things at the passers-by; you have turned your bedroom into a cross

between an aquarium and a menagerie; you have fought with donkey-drivers"—("Only one," again from MAX, with exasperating accuracy); "you have played cricket in this room; smashed the window; struck me in the stom—waistcoat; and hit an exceptionally unpleasant-smelling fishmonger on the head with a cricket ball, and I have had to pay the damages. We must leave here this very hour!" Swept majestically out of room, tripping over confounded door-mat as I went. Rose from floor again, just as MAX muttered to TOMMY, "Well, I don't much care; and we can make things hum for 'em at Uncle CHARLEY'S own place now. But I don't see why he should have made such a beastly fuss about it all. He was playing cricket with us himself; and as to the old fish Johnny" (and this was the unkindest cut of all), "why, they got quite pals together. They must have, 'cos after the row, I saw 'em with my own eyes boozing together at the bar!"

Never again with you, my boys. Never!

New Refrain for the "Marseillaise."

(A Fusage des Angloshobes.)

MARCHAND! MARCHAND!

Cœur noble et pur!

A bas perfide Albion!



"DON'T YOU THINK, JAMES, THAT THESE LONELY DINNERS AT THE CLUB DRIVE A NUMBER OF MEN TO MATRIMONY!"

"MAY BE, SIR; BUT NOT SO MANY AS MATRIMONY DRIVES TO THE CLUB!"

DARBY JONES ON TURF TOPICS.

I CAN claim, I think, Honoured Sir, Considerable Kudos (I don't know who Kudos was, but believe him to be an Ancient Realisation of the good genius of Lord KITCHENER) for having picked two out of the three Leading Champions in the Jockey Club Stakes. With many others I had a weakness for the claims of *Dieudonné*, but I did not forget either *Cyllene* or *Velasquez*. It is somewhat strange that Mr. C. D. ROSS, who, if I am not misinformed, in business turns his face to the West, should in matters of Yachting and Horse-racing exhibit his countenance (I speak from the New World point of view) to the (to him) more Encouraging East. And yet that terrible Man from over the Herring Pond, TOD SLOAN, is with us again, making Bookmakers and Backers alike tremble at his Science. Watching his Lightning-like Progress, the Casual Spectator is never certain whether he be picking a Stone out of his "Gee-gee's" Hind Leg or whispering Words of Encourage-

ment into his Ear. In my opinion, this Transatlantic Equestrian is not only a Centaur, but a Pounder (you will twig my indifferent International Jest, gentle Sir), for when beaten on Lord DUNRAVEN's *Kirschwasser* by SAM LOATES on *Mardoria*, he nevertheless managed to upset the verdict by an Objection. His magnanimity in riding for the Noble Owner of the ill-fated yacht *Valkyrie* was only equalled by the fact that his Objection was held to be perfectly just by the Stewards. SLOAN does not take any mean advantage, in fact, he is SLOAN Square.

Whenever I hear the cry of "Sweep!" I take off my Head-covering, sometimes in the form of the Gibus of uncertain method, sometimes in that of the Mountain Rambler, such as you, Sir, when wandering through the Netherlands with an Alpstock, affect with such becoming grace, but I must record the Circumstance that I raised my Glengarry high when I learnt that the Jockey Club had carried two "sweeping" Resolutions, which, according to those learned in Turf Lore, should

cleanse a few Augean Chimneys of Unnecessary Soot. The only thing is that it takes a Year or so of Sundays to comprehend perfectly the Exact Meaning of the following Precept:—

"At every meeting one-half of the total amount of added money advertised to be given shall be apportioned to races of a mile or over for three years or upwards only; and of this half, not less than a moiety shall be for races of a mile and a half or upwards."

I opine, as one feeling in the dark, that I know what this means, but does the British Public? The *Pronunciamento* of the Turf Parliament seems on all fours with the Edict of St. Stephen's Assembly on the subject of Vaccination. The B. P. is very foolish. It will ask, "Why is the Advertised Money to be appropriated for three years or upwards only?" (I am quoting my revered *D. T.*). Why not for a Century, or even until the Millennium?

Let me now turn from the Parliamentary Ditch to the more open Mead of Kempton Course. I venture to breathe the following Monody on the Duke of York Contest:

I've no taste for the *Harbour or Creek*,
The *Bomb-and-Corn* doesn't please me;
While the *Misture* will surely be weak
If the *Troubadour's* going be free.
The *Spouse* of the fair Jersey flower
Has a chance that is first in the field;
But beware of the Godgift, his peer
To the foreign ruled *Empire* may yield!

"I wish to Prosper; I wish Every one to Prosper; only let Me Prosperous be first." Not my sentiment, but Captain KRITRION'S. I am, as ever, honoured Sir, your stricken but Sphinx-like helper,

DARBY JONES.



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